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THE FINE ARTS AT PITTSBURG

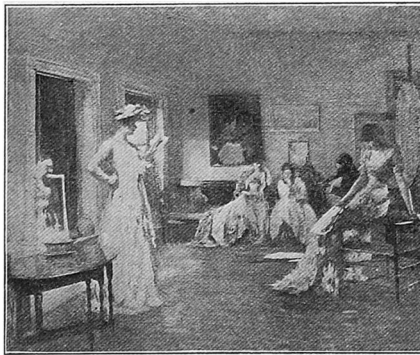
As regards the fine arts the history of Pittsburg is unique. Its supreme interests have always been confessedly commercial; its population places it among the minor cities of the United States; it lacks in large measure the distinctive spirit that is born of seats of learning; its streets are wanting in beauty and its sky is an obscuring, dispiriting incubus; it has neither school of art nor colony of artists; in a word, it lacks almost every quality and condition that one naturally associates with centers of great refining art influences. And yet the magic of means has wrought wonders; and this comparatively small city, with its soot and grime, its unpropitious environment, and its preponderance of unlettered workmen, has developed and maintained the one international art exhibition in the United States, and its displays, both in extent and in quality, have given it a certain and enviable

rank among the great metropolises of the world that boast of pretentious salons, a rank of which other institutions may be jealous.

Other cities, like New York, Boston, and Chicago, have had, and will continue to have, under various auspices, important exhibitions of American and European work; but among institutions the Carnegie Institute alone has brought foreign and native talent together in annually recurring shows, and has presented to a public that has shown itself greedy of this sort of educational privilege, collections of the latest and often the choicest canvases from studios at home and abroad. Its present status has been attained within the short period of nine years, while other and vastly older institutions have lagged far behind. The reason is not far to seek—it is judicious effort



JUNE MORNING
By Childe Hassam



A REHEARSAL IN THE STUDIO

By Edmund C. Tarbell

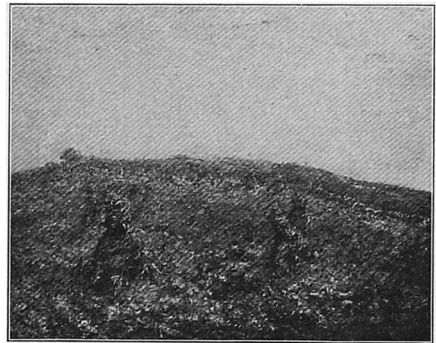
Awarded Medal of the Second Class

backed by adequate capital. The institution has never felt the pinch of straitened circumstances, it adopted at the outset the policy of offering substantial prizes, and the personal enterprise of Director John W. Beatty, who yearly visits the studios of the Old and the New World in quest of material, is responsible for the rest.

That mistakes have been made no one, and least of all Mr. Beatty himself, will deny; that the magnificent prizes have at times been

awarded—as this year for instance—in a way somewhat to antagonize public judgment and suggest a lax policy of institutional honors has frequently been asserted; but after all is said and done, the Carnegie Institute has done exceedingly good service in the interest of art in America, and the example it has set could with profit be followed by other institutions that have the prestige of years and tradition behind them. Its annual exhibitions have not merely been a boon to a community that needed them—they have centered on Pittsburg the attention of the world's artists and art connoisseurs.

The current exhibition is no exception to the general character of this institution's displays. It is larger than ever before—three hundred and twenty-four canvases—about seventy more pictures than have heretofore been exhibited. It is no less cosmopolitan than in former years, and no less high in its standard. As in all exhibitions of this sort there are many canvases that have exceptional quality, and no small number, of course, that could well be spared from the galleries. But this, perhaps, is inevitable—at least it is characteristic of almost every collection of painting



CORN-FIELD—LYME, CONN.

By Henry W. Ranger

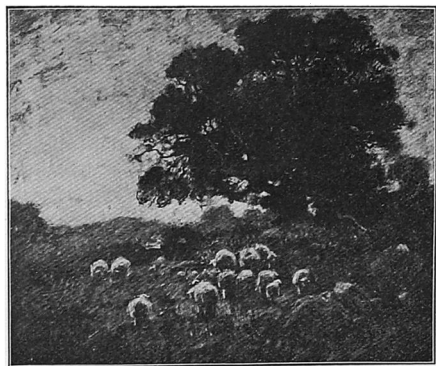
offered to the public, and doubtless ever will be. In general terms the weakness of the show—and its glory, too, for that matter, since the gem of the collection is Joseph Bail's magnificent canvas "Grace at the Hospital of Beaune"—is the foreign contingent, which may be due to the laxity of the foreign advisory committees. The average of the American work is markedly higher than that of the European, a fact that

lends color to the opinion often advanced that the time is coming—and is not far distant—when Europe will be soliciting canvases from America and not America from Europe. Be that as it may, the time has gone by when, except in the circles of interested dealers, the superiority of European work may be taken for granted. The enthusiasm of the man who preaches this gospel of hope for American art is not unfounded. We, it is true, lack, and may ever lack, a distinctive American art, but we do not lack *art*, which in a very vital sense must ever be cosmopolitan.

Apropos of this growing sense of the cosmopolitan character of art, a student of the current exhibition has deduced certain lessons which I may be pardoned for repeating here. With Sargent and



SHEEP SEEKING SHELTER
By A. Bryan Wall



MOONRISE
By Louis Paul Dessar

Abbey unrepresented in the American section, Bonnat and Monet in the French, Poynter and Alma-Tadema in the English, Israels and Neuhuys in the Dutch—not to mention a score of others—it might seem ridiculous, he contends, to call the exhibition one representative of present-day art. And yet there is a certain limited authority for saying that this exhibition speaks the latest word in present-day painting. For the great majority of the men of all nations whose

work is shown here are sincere, serious, capable craftsmen, about the genuineness of whose art there can be no question. In almost every case they are represented by samples of their best work. They are also represented, generally speaking, by their latest work: the liberal



AURORA LEIGH
By John W. Alexander

prizes offered by the Institute for previously unexhibited pictures insure this. Almost all of the modern painting nations, except Japan and Russia, are included; France, England, Scotland, Holland, Germany, Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Italy, and the United States. The artists exhibiting are young men, as a rule. The older and more famous painters who are missing have, perhaps, made the art of to-day, but those here will have much to do with the making of the art of to-morrow. For these reasons it would be short-sightedness, indeed, to ignore contemptuously any lessons taught by this diversified fine arts exhibition.

What those lessons are the serious critics must tell. But the casual visitor will note that portraits form a much smaller proportion of the total than has been the case with most recent exhibitions. That portrait-painting is the best paying form of modern art is a generally accepted doctrine, and this is doubtless true of the most popular artists. But it is also true that the best labors of some artists now doing portraits have been in other fields, and a reaction from an indiscriminate vogue will not be unwelcome to many lay lovers of pictures.

Another noticeable thing is the limited number of those gaudy canvases which not so long since were supposed to represent simon-pure impressionism. That the influence of the impressionists will be felt in the art of the future, just as the influence of the pre-Raphaelites is felt in the art of to-day, is not to be doubted, but already there are signs that the magic inherent in the name is passing away. Still another apparent truth proclaimed by this collection of pictures is that there are no longer any national boundaries in art.

The English are beginning to paint like the French; the Americans and the Dutch have long since been doing it. Now it is apparent that Italy and Spain and even Germany are doing likewise. Japan itself, which taught things to Whistler and La Farge and the Europeans, is in these days borrowing from its pupils, as a much-frequented room at the St. Louis Fair was lately showing.

America may never have a great national school of art any more than the great American novel will ever be written, for the reason that art has become a cosmopolitan thing. And, finally, though this must be diffidently stated, the artists here seem not less concerned about technique, but more concerned about the ideas they are depicting than the strict defender of art for art's sake has been wont to be.



THE MIRROR IN THE VASE
By Edmond Aman-Jean

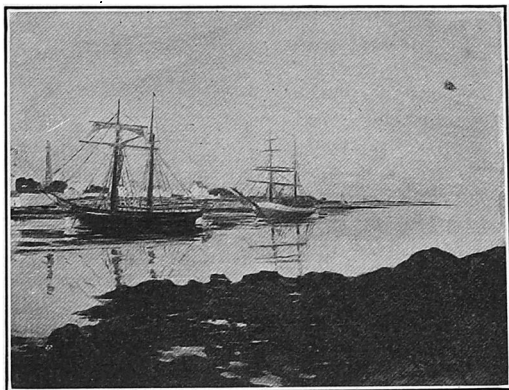


WOMAN IN ROSE
By John Lavery

There seems a greater deference than ordinary to the Ruskin idea of excellence, that that art is greatest which conveys to the spectator the greatest number of great ideas. There is plenty of good composition, fine modeling, and clever brush work, but in only a few of the paintings is that all. In a greater proportion than usual there is much, but not overwrought, sentiment. Not literary sentiment—the day of the painting that tells a story is done for, even in England, if this exhibition is to be credited—but pictorial sentiment. And it is this, really, which makes painting worth while to laymen.

General deductions of this sort, even though they seem trite, or be colored by personal bias, are of more value than a categorical state-

ment of exhibits with descriptive notes or comments more or less meaningless apart from an actual inspection of the works referred to. Such discussion will here be omitted. The gospel of the show is the important thing, and this is written in large letters throughout the three galleries of the exhibition. The gospel is that all art is tending toward international art, and that in this international art—a fact that cannot be to insistently repeated and too strongly emphasized—America has taken a place which it will likely never again relinquish. The same truth, by the way, is emphasized by another exhibition, the Comparative Exhibition of Native and Foreign Art, recently opened in New York, in which one hundred works by



VESSELS AT ANCHOR
By Andre Dauchez

American painters hang side by side with an equal number of masterpieces from the Old World, and do not in any sense suffer by contrast.

For the rest a word about the prize pictures and a hint as to the personnel of the exhibitors will suffice. The prizes were awarded as follows: Medal of the first class (gold), carrying \$1,500 award, "Across the River," by W. E. Schofield; medal of the second class (silver), carrying \$1,000 award, "A Rehearsal in the Studio," by Edmund C. Tarbell; medal of the third class (bronze), carrying \$500 award, "White and Gold," by Howard C. Cushing. Paintings receiving honorable mention are "School's Out," by H. M. Wolcott; "In an Old Gown," by Martha S. Baker; and "Spring," by George Sauter, London.

One is somewhat surprised at this disposition of honors. To be sure there were no works of startling or transcendent quality from which to pick the winners, but there were works eligible for honors of better quality than those selected. Schofield's "Across the River," both in character and execution, is just like what this artist has been offering the public

for years, no better and no worse. It is effective, it is true, but it lacks the hallmarks of distinction. Tarbell's "A Rehearsal in the Studio" is thoroughly well done as regards its values, but in one of its figures, at least, it offers an exhibition of bad drawing. Cushing, perhaps, has done nothing better than his pretty tonal effort, "White and Gold," and for this reason one is scarcely inclined to begrudge him the encouragement implied by the distinction conferred upon him.

Naturally works by Americans predominate, the English and French following as second and third; and, what is a pleasing feature in the galleries, the pictures for the most part are new. The peripa-



PORTRAIT
By Cecilia Beaux

tetic canvases with which we have long been familiar, if submitted, have been ruled out—to the added interest of the display. So far as the individual exhibitors are concerned it is perhaps enough to say that the list shows little change from former years, most of the artists in previous exhibitions in Pittsburg being contributors to the current event.

C. E. HARCOURT.



TWO FRIENDS
By Manuel Barthold

GLEANINGS FROM AMERICAN ART CENTERS

The semi-centennial exhibition of the Boston Art Club was recently opened. Old work of past members, as William M. Hunt, George Inness, George Fuller, Joseph Ames, Edgar Parker, and Alfred Ordway, was shown, and J. J. Enneking, Frank H. Tompkins, Daniel J. Strain, J. Frank Currier, William Bixbee, Melbourne Hardwick, Thomas Allen, William Kaula, Harvey Young, Horace R. Burdick, William E. Norton, Childe Hassam, Frank Richardson,

NOTE.—For other works shown at Pittsburg, see following pages.